

74 *The Two Noble Kinsmen.*

Give me the victory of this question, which
Is true loves merit, and bleſſe me with a ſigne
Of thy great pleaſure.

*Here Muſicke is heard, Doves are ſcene to flutter, they
fall againe upon their faces, then on their knees.*

Pal. O thou that from eleven, to ninetye raign'ſt
In mortall boſomes, whoſe chafe is this world
And we in heards thy game; I give thee thanks
For this faire Token, which being layd unto
Mine innocent true heart, armes in aſſurance *They bow.*
My body to this buſineſſe. Let us riſe
And bow before the goddeſſe: Time comes on. *Exeunt.*

Still Muſicke of Records.
*Enter Emilia in white, her haire about her ſhoulders, a whea-
ten wreath: One in white holding up her traine, her haire
ſtucke with flowers: One before her carrying a ſilver
Hynde, in whic his conveyd Incenſe and ſweet odour,
which being ſet upon the Altar her maidens ſtanding a
loofe, ſhe ſets fire to it, then they curſey and kneele.*

Emilia. O ſacred, ſhadowie, cold and conſtant Queene,
Abandoner of Revels, mute contemplative,
Sweet, ſolitary, white as chaſte, and pure
As windefand Snow, who to thy ſemall knights
Alow'ſt no more blood than will make a bluſh,
Which is their orders robe. I heere thy Prieſt
Am humb'ed fore thine Altar, O vouchſafe
With that thy rare greene eye, which never yet
Behe'd thing maculate, looke on thy virgin,
And ſacred ſilver Miſtris, lend thine care
(Which nev'r heard ſcurrill terme, into whoſe port
Ne're entred wanton ſound,) to my petition
Seaſond with ho'y feare; This is my laſt
Of veſtall office, I am bride habited,
But mayden harted, a husband I have pointed,
But doe not know him, out of two, I ſhould
Chooſe one, and pray for his ſucceſſe, but I
Am guiltleſſe of election of mine eyes,
Were I to looſe one, they are equall precious.

The Two Noble Kinsmen.

I could doombe neither, that which periſh'd ſhould
Goe too't unſentenc'd: Therefore moſt modeſt Queene
He of the two Pretenders, that beſt loves me
And has the trueſt title in't, Let him
Take off my wheaten Gerland, or elſe grant
The ſyle and qualitie I hold, I may
Continue in thy Band.

*Here the Hynde vaniſhes under the Altar: and
place aſcends a Roſe Tree, having one Roſe upon it.*

See what our Generall of Ebbs and Flowes
Out from the bowells of her holy Altar
With ſacred act advances: But one Roſe,
If well inſpir'd, this Battaille ſhal confound
Both theſe brave Knights, and I a virgin flowre
Muſt grow alone unpluck'd.

*Here is heard a ſodaine twang of Inſtruments, a
Roſe falls from the Tree.*

The flowre is falſe, the Tree deſcends: O Miſtris
Thou here diſchargeſt me, I ſhall be gather'd,
I thinke ſo, but I know not thine owne will;
Vnclaſpe thy Miſterrie: I hope ſhe's pleas'd,
Her Signes were gracious.

They curſey and E

Scæna 2. Enter Doſtor, Iaylor and Wooer, in ha
Palamon.

Doſt. Has this advice I told you, done any good upon
Wooer. O very much; The maids that hept her companion
Have halfe perſwaded her that I am *Palamon*; with
Halfe houre ſhe came ſmiling to me, and asked me w
Would eate, and when I would kiſſe her: I told her
Preſently, and kiſt her twice.

Doſt. Twas well done; twentie times had bin far be
For there the cure lies mainly.

Wooer. Then ſhe told me
She would watch with me to night, for well ſhe kne
What houre my fit would take me.

Doſt. Let her doe ſo,
And when your fit comes, ſit her home,

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